



WAVES

from

NANTUCKET.

1892.

No. 2759

2125.

POEMS

BY

MATTHEW BARNEY.

. "Sonorous cadences,
Whereby to his belief the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea."

1836

1891

1892.

GEO. C. HERBERT & Co., PRINTERS.
LYNN, MASS.

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There is a land,
Beloved by them
Where brighter s
And milder moo

Where wintry sto
And the rude bil
Sometimes the I
Binds Ocean's be

Though fog and
And feeble life an
There softest zep
And bid each pul

The summer's sc
As breeze from o
Though summer'
The autumn's gat

While from the s
Whose golden sto
Here dwells a rac
Our country's pag

Their life was ear
Our country's flag
Patient and bold,
'Neath scorching

TO NANTUCKET.

A PARODY.

There is a land, of islanders the pride,
Beloved by them o'er every land beside ;
Where brighter suns their summer sunsets crown,
And milder moons on happy homes look down ;

Where wintry storms around it wildly roar,
And the rude billows wash its sandy shore :
Sometimes the Ice King with his Arctic chain
Binds Ocean's bosom in one gelid plain.

Though fog and east wind sometimes here prevail,
And feeble life and spring's young plants assail,
There softest zephyrs o'er its low hills sweep,
And bid each pulse with healthful vigor leap.

The summer's scorching suns are tempered there,
As breeze from ocean brings a humid air.
Though summer's fruits have often meagre yield,
The autumn's gathering shows the well-tilled field ;

While from the sea a richer harvest comes,
Whose golden stores have made these happy homes.
Here dwells a race of men, whose daring name
Our country's page will give a world-wide fame.

Their life was earnest, and their sphere the world ;
Our country's flag by them in every clime's unfurled.
Patient and bold, no perils can affright,
'Neath scorching torrid suns or Arctic night.

Undaunted following where the game may flee,
They seek his presence far from sea to sea.
Months of privation and of patient toil,
They bring at last a harvest home of oil.

Here on this spot, by love's sweet influence won,
Alone are seen, as father, husband, son.
Now banished all that would engender strife,
Man's holiest nature opens into life.

Here woman reigns, the joy of daily life,
As mother, daughter, sister, loving wife,
Makes home's true comfort and its riches rare,
And oft with man its sterner duties share.

Where shall that spot, those much loved homes, be seen,
Child of Nantucket, in thy memory green?
Will be the thought where'er thyself may roam,
That place is truly my loved Island Home.

1857.

Lines Written

Behold the en
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Where priests
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There is a pu
That rises
Than that wh
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Asking for

1836.

Lines Written Under an Engraving of
Idol Worship.

Behold the emblem of the ancients' rite,
From which the flames of incense seem to rise,
Where priests assemble by the morning light,
And doom the lamb to burn as sacrifice.

There is a purer flame, a holier light,
That rises from the Christian's heart,
Than that which gleams upon our sight,
From altars raised by human art.

There is an incense sweeter far
Than all the spices of the East ;
It is the inward breathing prayer,
Asking for pardon and for peace.

1836.

TO S. M.

AN ACROSTIC.

Slowly was the sun declining,
As I wandered o'er the moor,
Listening to the birds' sweet chiming,
Lays of love so soft and pure ;
Yields each passion to its cure.

Music sweet from Nature's choir
Inspires me with its raptures full,
Trembling like the deep-strung lyre ; a
Cadence soft yet beautiful
Holds each feeling captive to its sway.
Earnest I listen to the melting strain,
Like summer breezes dying soft away,
Leaving the ruffled lake to peace again.

1837.

HOL

Mother, who, f
Feel'st a stra
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Strong is the ti
Holy the fee
Fondly thou wa
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Thou mayst no
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Ah, dearest chi
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1839.

TO S. M. B.

HOLDING HER INFANT CHILD.

Mother, who, fondly gazing on thy infant boy,
Feel'st a strange thrill of joy and wild delight,
Dread'st to awake the fears that would alloy,
Or throw one troubled shade across thy sight,
Strong is the tide of love within thy breast,
Holy the feeling that comes o'er thee now,
Fondly thou watchest o'er his infant rest,
And each warm breath gives gladness to thy brow.
What canst thou read of life within this mind?
Aye, hast thou prescience whether weal or woe?
Thou mayst not view the station that's assigned,
Or dream of half the bliss that he may know.
Ah, dearest child, may truth its influence shed,
Its purest precepts in thy childhood's home;
Mayst thou by love in virtue's path be led,
Which will prepare thee for a world to come.

1839.

TO MY SLEEPING BOY.

Sleep on, sweet babe, heed not the sound
That strikes upon thy tender ear ;
Naught will disturb while friends are round,
No danger now is lurking near.

Sleep in thy innocence, sleep on, my boy,
And we will guard thee with our love and care ;
For every smile of thine brings hope and joy
To those whose hearts yearn with a parent's prayer.

Calm is thy brow, unsullied is thy heart,
No cankering thoughts disturb thy tender mind ;
Of sorrow's pangs thou surely hast no part,
And reason has not taught to be resigned.

How little dost thou know of life, my child,
Ah, little dost thou dream of sorrow's hour,
The snares of sin, the passions' tempest wild,
That rage in man with soul-destroying power.

I may not ask earth's riches for my boy,
Nor all the honors of an empty fame :
May truth be his, and peace without alloy ;
An upright heart will real homage claim.

1840.

THE STILL

When Israel's aff
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When Samuel sle
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1842.

BOY.

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

When Israel's affrighted children gazed
On Sinai's dread and awful side,
Where thunders rolled and lightnings blazed,
And tempest scattered far and wide,

They tremblingly expectant stood,
Waiting the mandate from on high ;
They sought it in the tempest rude,
And in the lightnings flashing by.

No voice proclaimed the Eternal One,
Till silence deep spread o'er the whole ;
Then sweetly on the air was borne
The still small whisper to the soul.

When Samuel slept beside the ark,
Ere his young spirit knew the Lord,
Thrice spoke the voice at midnight dark,
And bade him list the heavenly word.

Thrice that small voice his slumbers broke,
And thrice he sought the aged priest,
Who bade him list to Him who spoke,
Whose word would fill his soul with peace.

1842.

MAY DAY.

May day is coming, with its first flowers blooming,
The children's merry voices sweetly sound,
As over hill and vale they careless roaming,
Or, tired of sport, recline upon the ground.

Springtime and summer ever thus renewing
Chase sorrow for a season far away ;
Hope, faith, and love, life's perils all subduing,
Bid joys full blossom like the flowers of May.

May there be ever in my pathway springing
Some humble flower to cheer when hope declines ;
It will be ever to my memory bringing
His mighty power that in the atom shines.

1846.

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1847.

INVOCATION.

Come home to the hope of life's sure fount,
The eternal truth of Heaven ;
Oh, let thy spirit upward mount,
Seek God and be forgiven.

He giveth life to all who ask,
And who in faith believe ;
Who will the heart to Him unmask
Shall His free grace receive.

Cast thou thy weight of care on Him,
Bend low before His throne ;
Then o'er thy soul the cherubim
Its wing will spread to own

Thee as the obedient, humble child
Who waits a Father's love ;
Filled with that truth that's undefiled
Will His sure mercies prove.

1847.

ON FAITH.

Of faith, on faith, how shall I write,
And what of faith shall say?
It is diverse as beams of light
Shown by prismatic ray.

While some have faith, and that quite clear,
That old "Ann Lee" was right,
Others have faith to them most dear,
In "Joe Smith's" second-sight,

And in his wondrous Mormon book,
Of origin so quaint;
Others to "Pius Ninth" do look,
And many a patron saint.

The Hindoo's faith in Brahma's law
Is all his spirit craves;
The Prophet's follower holds in awe
The Koran, for it saves.

Luther and Wesley, in faith strong,
By faith reformed their day;
Through Penn and Fox's suffering long
I hold faith as I may.

That faith that trusting waiteth long,
And in the darkest hour
Gives to the weak a courage strong,
Though held by tyrant's power.

Mine be that faith in Him who died
That all might be forgiven,
Then shall my bark all storms outride,
And safely moor in heaven.

1857.



TO MARIA M.

Sister, with thy mind-lit eye
Oft upward turned to gaze at even,
Tracking the wanderers of the sky
That gleam around the vault of heaven.

Far-seeing thou, by science' aid
Thou scan'st those distant worlds of light,
While we in outer courts are stayed,
Cannot behold their radiance bright.

See'st thou in distant orbs afar
Worlds where earth's parted spirits dwell,
Where naught of sense can ever mar,
Or break the eternal hallowed spell?

'Mid thy far gazing comes no thought
Of that bright realm unseen, unknown,
Save from the spirits' vision caught,
A knowledge to the heart alone?

Or turns thy thought in filial trust
To Him who all these bright orbs made,
And laying self low in the dust,
Asks for His all-sustaining aid
To keep thy spirit on Him stayed?

1857.

Maiden in li
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Hope's brigh
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1857.

IN AN ALBUM.

Maiden in life's early morning,
With a brow untouched by care,
Hope's bright flowers thy path adorning,
Full of promise everywhere,

When within thy grandsire's dwelling
First I saw thy kindly smile,
This the thought, that it came welling
From a heart all free from guile.

Glad, yet quiet, unpretending,
Merit that seeks not its own,
Gravity, with freedom blending,
Softness gave to every tone.

Whilst to dear old age thou listened,
And her hand within thine pressed,
In thine eye a tear there glistened,
Affection's tribute unexpressed.

Through life's journey dim and distant
Strove my mental eye to see,
And the thought came unresistant,
Living faith thy guide must be.

1857.

TO E. K. D.

Softly, dear mother, with thy infant treasure,
As young and fragile as the spring's first flowers,
I may not tell of joy how full thy measure,
A mother only knows the riches of such hours.

Gently and kindly, for thy babe is waking,
And sweetly smiles to feel thy fond caress :
Oh, may love's influence on its heart be making,
Which well may be for life a deep impress.

Soon that young form in infant graces growing,
Shall to thine eye a lovely treasure be,
And thou, young mother, with love's full hopes glowing,
Will render doubly dear thy child to thee.

Gently, though firmly, guide the little stranger
Through childhood's merry hours, a sunny way ;
In years to come she'll prove no idle ranger,
But richest fruit will yield, and care repay.

Kindly and smiling soothe thy daughter's sorrow,
Be thou to her her truest earthly friend ;
Guide the young hope that gildeth each to-morrow
With the sweet visions that young hearts attend.

And thou, young mother, oft thy faith renewing
In the sure Source of living truth and light,
Ask for that grace by which alone subduing
Thy own temptations, thy heart may keep right.

Patient, yet laboring
On seed oft sown
And she, we trust, th
Will bring upon y

Ah, when life's storm
How sad and lone
If the sure mercies
Through faith in

For He who gave to
Gives to the need
Ne'er from earth's v
In the dark hour

Patient, yet laboring for the Master's blessing
On seed oft sown in this young heart the while,
And she, we trust, the germ of truth possessing,
Will bring upon you Heaven's benignant smile.

Ah, when life's storms around thy path shall gather,
How sad and lonely might the future seem,
If the sure mercies of our gracious Father,
Through faith in Him, shed no enlightening beam.

For He who gave to thee thy life and being
Gives to the needy freely of His grace,
Ne'er from earth's wrestling seed, from danger fleeing
In the dark hour of peril, hides His face.

1862.



IN AN ALBUM.

"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Let me then query of thy hopes, dear maiden ;
What promise bear they to thy trusting heart ?
Are future hours with life's fruition laden,
Or do bright fancies hold the chiefest part ?

What are thy hopes ? Hath love's sweet fancied vision
Pictured the future, bright with happy hours,
To render life a scene of joy elysian,
And strew thy path with all its choicest flowers ?

Or are thy hopes where fame its laurels gather
In words that burn and thoughts that breathe and live ?
'Bove India's wealth, is not thy wish then rather
To have that blessing which true riches give ?

These are earth's hopes, but there are hopes unfading,
That in each heart must ever have a place :
His love unseen, sure every soul pervading,
Can crown our lives by its unfailing grace.

I deem the fountain whence thy hopes are springing
Is the sure source of life and light divine ;
An earnest faith o'er life a halo flinging,
Is the rich blessing I would crave for thine.

1865.

The Birth

Father supreme
We gather round
First let us raise
Who givest

The earth is Thine
Its humbles
All of the incre
Are Thy rich

What shall we
For life and
And for that l
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Are in Thy

Grant then Th
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And give to

1871.

The Birthday Celebration of O. C. S.

Father supreme, by whose unmeasured love,
We gather round this generous board to-night,
First let us raise our hearts to Thee above,
Who givest all things by Thy power and might.

The earth is Thine and all its fulness holds,
Its humblest creatures have their life in Thee ;
All of the increase to our store or fold
Are Thy rich blessings, showered upon us free.

What shall we render for these treasures given,
For life and friends, and comforts manifold,
And for that light that points the way to heaven,
Man's knowledge ne'er could gain or buy with gold ?

Not all the cattle from a thousand hills,
Lebanon's cedars, nor the forest pine,
Nor oil, though flowing from a thousand rills,
Would make a sacrifice complete for Thine.

But we may offer willing hearts to Thee,
Filled with Thy love, Thou hold'st above all price,
Cleansed by Thy grace given by a Saviour free,
Are in Thy sight accepted sacrifice.

Grant then Thy blessing as we gather now,
And may it doubly serve a purpose true ;
At evening hour renew the morning vow,
And give to Thee all praise, alone Thy due.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT, 1876.

Author of life and saving light and power,
Before whose name all of earth's living bow,
As Thy sure presence consecrates the hour,
Grant us that blessing as we gather now.

Let us remember, Thine the power to bless
Those weak or poor or solitary set ;
When life's hard trials oft about them press,
Thine eye beholds and never will forget.

Seedtime and harvest, still Thy promise stands ;
Though weak our faith, Thy word remaineth true ;
Beast, bird, and insect, feeding from Thy hand,
Thy bounty show, and should our faith renew.

No costly gift or firstling of the flock,
Mingled with incense, unto Thee may rise ;
Life hidden in the one Eternal Rock,
Thy promise is that it shall all suffice.

Thy love, Thy truth and grace so freely given
Are the rich blessings we invoke to-day :
Though in past years we may have feebly striven,
Oh, wilt Thou keep us in the narrow way,
And through life's pilgrimage be staff and stay?

OUR

The Athenaeum
To us whose
Born of two
Columbian's
Two of its so
They, Joy an
Back in the
The old-time
Good father
And Doctor
No keener p
And Coffin,
There round
And William
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Phillips his
A blight up
Hall, museu
Then as fro
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OUR ATHENEUM—1880.

The Atheneum, our literary pride,
To us whose homes are by the ocean side ;
Born of two classes mingled into one,
Columbian's cultured club, Mechanics' stalwart son.
Two of its sons obeyed a generous call,
They, Joy and Coffin, gave a noble hall.
Back in the past I seem ; these thoughts have stirred
The old-time voices some of you have heard.
Good father Pierce, with stores of knowledge rare,
And Doctor Swift, with anxious brow of care.
No keener pen than S. H. Jenks we boast,
And Coffin, Junior, in debate a host.
There rounded sentence fell from Burnell's lips,
And William Mitchell lectured on eclipse.
Young D. Jones, Junior, with retorts and gases,
And Isaac Austin pleading for the masses.
Some world-wide names, " the old man eloquent,"
Once graced our hall, John Q., ex-President.
From Horace Mann great thoughts like music rung,
And polished accents flowed from Winthrop's tongue.
There spoke great Garrison with earnest zeal ;
Phillips his satire made his listeners feel.
A blight upon us fell ; the wasting fire
Hall, museum, library made one costly pyre.
Then as from ashes takes the phoenix wing,
So from the ruins did this good hall spring,
The generous gift from kindly hands received,

Their timely aid largely our loss retrieved.
The great, grand fair I would not here forget,
Which to our treasury did two thousand net.
Hadwen, Joy, Upton, their last tribute giving,
Green be their memory, lesson for the living.
An early donor lives, a well-known name,
Whose gifts and care may well your honor claim ;
For in its council still he has a share,
And he yet fills the presidential chair.
In our good library on its shelves are shown
The world's wide culture as it's yearly grown :
Science and history, poetry and art,
Religion's claims appealing to the heart,
Mechanics' wonders, mathematics dry,
And fiction's charms that please the general eye,—
They'll suit all minds of high or low degree.
Just call and tell your wants to S. F. B.,
Our good librarian, who, with years of care,
Has of each volume ready knowledge rare.
Last but not least our museum's varied store,
Brought from all lands, from every sea and shore,
I may not name them, but friend Joseph S.
Can tell you of them, ask ye more or less.
Of Jonah's fish that had the wondrous maw,
He often lectures on his lower jaw.
Time has wrought changes, make a mental note,
Women shareholders at our meetings vote ;
And at the board of our august trustees

Two women
Oh, my good
To this our
Keep its fa
To truth's
Guide it a
Our sons a

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S. F. B.,
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trustees

Two women members take their part with ease.
Oh, my good friends, I would appeal to you,
To this our store of learning still be true ;
Keep its fair name, and ope its portals wide
To truth's best culture and on freedom's side ;
Guide it and guard it, that in future days
Our sons and daughters well may sing its praise.



SHEARING DAYS AT NANTUCKET.

June's lovely morning, longest of the year,
Bright shines the sun upon our island hills ;
The meadows glisten with night's parting tear,
And balmy sweetness all the senses fills.

The earth, by night refreshed, is glad and fair,
Her rested children joyous in array ;
They for their active duties all prepare,
For old-time festival, 'tis shearing day.

The horse is harnessed in the good calash,
The savory roast, the jugs of milk and tea,
With chicken pie and other pies and hash,
Brown bread and buns and doughnuts mingle free.

The sail-cloth tent, and other pieces wanted
To spread about to keep the fleeces clean,
The dinner box and keg of beer so planted
Between the driver's feet is often seen.

Or stowed beneath the chairs of pattern quaint,
Hammer and nails and ropes and paint for using ;
Jacob and Hannah, prim as any saint,
Are seated, Dobbin is started, Jacob falls to musing.

"Now, who'll be 'lected agent of this shearing?
Last year 'twas Ebenezer called the time too airy,
When boys were hollering and the sheep were shearing,
They blared so loud, you couldn't hear him barely.

"I really hope Zaccheus
He's master hand,
Spry as a kitten, 'bleat
Will keep us up to

"Upon my word that
Blue swaller-tail an
With red bandanna, y
He's played that f

"Well, here we are, m
There's Uncle Obe
How art thou, uncle
To vote for moder

"Yes, Hannah, there
Whoa, Dobbin !
The sun looks red, i
It's better weather

"Come, Judah, plac
Get out the traps
Tie out the nag whe
We'll have hot wo

"Here, Nathan, put
I'll take a mugful
Where's Uncle Saul
To wet his whistl

"'Tis surely uncle Z
He'll tell the driv

TUCKET.

"I really hope Zaccheus will be 'p'inted,
He's master hand, and knows each owner's mark ;
Spry as a kitten, 'bleave he's double-j'inted,
Will keep us up to time : but, Hannah, hark !

"Upon my word that must be old blind Frank,
Blue swaller-tail and homespun trousers gray,
With red bandanna, waistcoat cut so crank,
He's played that fiddle here full many a day.

"Well, here we are, nigh up to shear-pen gate,
There's Uncle Obed keeps the gate, I see :
How art thou, uncle ? hope we're not too late
To vote for moderator that's to be.

"Yes, Hannah, there's the boys ; they have been spry.
Whoa, Dobbin ! Mother, now we're really here ;
The sun looks red, it's sign of being dry,
It's better weather than it was last year.

"Come, Judah, place a chair for mother,
Get out the traps and put 'em in the shade,
Tie out the nag where he won't foul another ;
We'll have hot work to-day, I am afraid.

"Here, Nathan, put this nice herb beer on tap,
I'll take a mugful, for I am so thirsty.
Where's Uncle Saul ? He'll often take a rap
To wet his whistle when it's getting dusty.

"'Tis surely uncle Zach. that's been elected,
He'll tell the drivers what they've got to do,

Not drive too fast, nor stray ones be neglected,
Don't crowd the ring, but let the sheep pass through.

"Come, boys; Zaccheus says the sheep have run;
Jump in the ring and see if ours are handy,
Crop in the left, and half take right's the one,
Pass him along, I have him, that's the dandy.

"Yes, Jonas, that's Squire Coffin's slit in the right,
A ha'penny under a half take's Deacon Brown's.
Whoa! that old buck is mine, so hold him tight,
I've seen him sometimes straying 'bout the town.

"A flower de luce, do you say? that's Cap'n Russell's,
But that with slit in the left is Jon'than Swain's.
Why, brother Fitch, you're having quite a tussle
With that old yeo, she's from the Head o' the Plains.

"I see Squire Peleg's quite a heap of fleeces,
While Cap'n Josh has just begun to shear;
There's Kiah Gardner's flock so fast increases,
He'll have five hundred by another year.

"It's a good notion, marking them with paint,
It shows them easy for the boys to know;
Some ear marks are so bad they'd spile a saint:
No, boys, not mine, 'tis uncle Macy's yeo.

"Why, what a dunce, there's ha'penny in that ear,
And there's two slits as plain as they can be;
That's Gin'ral Bunker's; though I'm getting blear,
I know Squire Allen's mark like A B C.

"I think the flock
Some eastern or
Jedutham says the
But Trustum say

So goes the warfar
The shearer's p
Come, Uncle Saul,
The sun is scor

"Well, mother, no
Why, sartin, tha
Come, uncle, have
We'll tip the car

"I'm getting rath
Here's Uncle Sa
Each help ourselv
This pie is tootl

"Or have some bu
They'll fill a ho
Mother, we'll try t
Thy vittles, Har

"I s'pose the boy
To buy some kn
Fire-crackers mos
They quite forg

"Boys will be boy
Stirs the young

"I think the flock 'll gin'lly turn out fair,

Some eastern ones are shabby in their fleeces ;

Jedutham says the tar he does not spare,

But Trustum says he oft their noses greases.

So goes the warfare, sheep and lambs are bleating,

The shearers' patience struggling sheep do try.

Come, Uncle Saul, 'tis time for dinner eating,

The sun is scorching, and 'tis running high.

"Well, mother, now we've come to dinner ;

Why, sartin, that umbrell 's a good idee.

Come, uncle, have some beer for a beginner,

We'll tip the cart for shade and have a lee.

"I'm getting rather sharkish, ain't thee, Hannah ?

Here's Uncle Saul an early breakfast had.

Each help ourselves, that's real shearing manner,

This pie is toothsome, have a piece, my lad ?

"Or have some buns or doughnuts, rich as quince,

They'll fill a hollow place, they're short and sweet,

Mother, we'll try that other pie, the mince,

Thy vittles, Hannah, never yet was beat.

"I s'pose the boys about the tents are straying,

To buy some knick-knacks, and to see the fun ;

Fire-crackers mostly, they their money paying,

They quite forget how quickly time does run.

"Boys will be boys : the sound of blind Frank's fiddle

Stirs the young blood as cats the scent of mice ;

When Saul and I were young, played huddle-diddle,
We had that cake, and never are young twice.

"Well, here they are : come, boys, and get a snack,
As Uncle Saul has two more sheep to strip ;
Now in the cart we'll all things snugly pack ;
By Uncle Starbuck's team the wool we'll ship.

"Well, Hannah, ain't thee almost tired to pieces,
And glad the time to go is drawing near?
All hands are packing up their traps and fleeces,
Shearing is over till another year."

Ah, old-time scenes, ye are not forgotten quite,
Though the then actors most have passed away ;
In life's great changes, time's unceasing flight,
Has gone our festival, the shearing day.



TO MY V

Dear heart, G
Warmed by
Had I the gift
For thee I'd

Dear heart, th
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Thou little de
Would brin
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Love's min

When slowly
Much less
Thy soothing
I know an

Oh, ministry
How poor
How strong
Its quiet

TO MY WIFE, E. G. M. B.

Dear heart, George Fox was wont to say,
Warmed by the spirits' power,
Had I the gift, a little lay
For thee I'd write this hour.

Dear heart, the years swift come and go,
One stage of life hath onward sped ;
Seven measured years do overflow
Since day that we were wed.

Thou little deemed the coming hour
Would bring to me such anxious thought,
When clouds financial dark did lower,
And some hard lessons to me taught ;

Nor thought the wearying hours of pain
Must be my lot, thy patience try,
To give me oft and o'er again
Love's ministry of hand and eye.

When slowly passed the suffering days,
Much less thy presence made them seem.
Thy soothing voice and cheering ways
I know and feel, the rest a dream.

Oh, ministry of woman's love !
How poor is man without its charm !
How strong its power full many prove,
Its quiet influence keeps from harm.

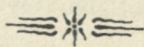
Aye, thou and I rich joys have treasured,
Have had life's sunshine with some shade,
Some momentary sorrows measured,
And friendship's tie with others made.

A daughter's duty still be thine,
To soothe loved mother's closing days ;
May power to aid thee still be mine
While life's long twilight sheds its rays,

With hallowed gleam on saintly brow,
For the sweet calm of peace is given,
That lights each feature even now
With radiance as the glow of heaven.

Now blessings on thee, dearest E.,
May love and joy so fill thy heart,
To keep thee from all sorrow free,
Which Heaven's grace can sure impart.

5th month, 1885.



T
IN A TEMPERANCE MEET
SEVERAL WHO HAD REE

My friends for wh
Oft in the way
Glad witness that
Let me your tri

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Show that the l
With God's sure m
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1881.

THOUGHTS

IN A TEMPERANCE MEETING ON HEARING THE REMARKS OF
SEVERAL WHO HAD REFORMED AND KEPT THEIR PLEDGES.

My friends for whom my soul hath been
Oft in the way of prayer,
Glad witness that you are better men,
Let me your triumph share.

Give to the slanderer's tongue the lie,
Show that the Pledge hath life and power,
With God's sure mercies ever nigh,
To keep you in temptation's hour.

Oh, father, mother, may you be
Examples to your household flock,
To guide o'er life's uncertain sea,
Nor be to them a stumbling-block.

Oh, son and daughter, shun the ways
That lead from honor, virtue, truth ;
Seek Him whose love shall crown your days
As on ye pass to age from youth.

Strong pledged in hope and faith, still pray
His love your ways to keep :
Life's path shall greener grow each day,
Your joys shall be more sure and deep.

O Thou that mak'st the sun to shine,
The rain descend alike on all,
Thine be the praise, the glory Thine,
Without Thy grace we fail and fall.

Read at the Suffrage Gathering at
Nantucket, 1880.

I laid me down and closed my eyes,
And fain would go to sleep ;
Yet memories of the past would rise,
And would their vigils keep.

Strange days, alas ! we've fallen on,
Sad ways, strange laws are now,
The old-time laws 'gainst woman gone,
Yet men live on somehow.

Oh, good old laws, what have men lost
In these degenerate days,
And woman gained at suffering's cost,
And patient hope, in law's delays?

That old-time law that man did own
His wife and her belongings,
And if so willed, though light cause shown,
Corrected her by floggings.

And let her earn whate'er she would,
All gifts as well, he owned it ;
Law gave her twenty dollars good,
Not that, if once he loaned it.

No wife by law could give her own
To children by a will,
She did not own the clothes she wore,
So said the legal bill.

And should a woman
With cash and
'Twas common st
To use or sell h

The good old
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No woman could
Nor administer
To man that righ
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The good old law
They show suc
And love for wife
For even schoo

Soon all will
Light daw
And she sha
And help

Now man no mo
His better half

And should a woman married be,
With cash and goods her dower,
'Twas common stock, yet only he
To use or sell had power.

The good old law would take the child
From its fond mother's side,
Because the dying father filed
A will which all her rights denied.

No woman could a guardian be,
Nor administer a trust ;
To man that right was only free,
'Twas law and therefore just.

In years gone by oft widows saw
Their maiden hoards decreed
To husband's heirs, because the law
Found no child's rights to heed.

The good old laws men often quote,
They show such care and pity
And love for wife, she could not vote
For even school committee.

Soon all will change, and we shall see
Light dawning on the nation,
And she shall vote as well as he
And help to fill each station.

Now man no more can beat and whip
His better half at pleasure,

Though with the quirk of law may strip
Her of her hard-earned treasure.

Now women executors may be,
Be guardian for a child,
And for a fund may act trustee,
Be as attorney filed.

The general court, by long delay,
Has tried by dodge and fights
To give to man all that it may,
To woman give some rights :

Her right to think, to act, to teach,
Her right to buy, to sell, or trade,
One right to vote, her right to preach,
Though less than man for all she's paid.

Some rights are granted sad and sore ;
The right to labor's weary ways,
To keep the wolf from her own door,
The shiftless feed and know no praise.

O friend and brother, heed the dawning light,
Be not alarmed, and stay thy foolish fears ;
Should women vote and exercise their rights,
It surely will not take them from their
spheres,

And make them all blue-stockings,
Unsexing mothers, daughters, wives,
Make them rough and coarse and shocking,
Rude and careless in their lives.

Now, I'll hazard
Woman still w
Studying, sewing
Making bread

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Late at ev

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Minds she every
That our home
Man's but half a
Rich in her lov

Now, I'll hazard this prediction,
Woman still will woman be,
Studying, sewing, writing fiction,
Making bread and drawing tea.

Minds her cooking, while she teaches
Loved ones gathering at her knee,
Mending caps and coats and breeches,
Late at evening hours you'll see.

From Kant, Carlyle, or Mill educes
Theories and plans of life ;
Knows each flower the earth produces,
Wields with skill the surgeon's knife ;

Rocks the cradle while she's reading
Buchan's practice or Doctor John ;
Strengthens mind with Chitty's pleading,
Blackstone, Coke, or Littleton.

She can scan the starry heavens,
Predict comet's widest range,
Deal in stocks of threes or sevens,
Be a bear upon exchange.

Brother man must own her equal
In life's daily earnest fight,
For time proves the truth and sequel,
Man to mind 's no patent right.

Minds she every care about her
That our homes demand each day :
Man's but half a man without her,
Rich in her love and gentle sway.

For the Relief Association Supper,
1882.

Who's here to-night that comes with grudging heart?
Who's here to-night that feels he has no part
In the rich service of these willing friends,
Whose kindness gathers means for generous ends?
Who's here to-night ne'er touched by sorrow's sigh?
Who's here to-night would pass misfortune by?
Who's here to-night these kindly ones to scan,
Or doubt the value of their generous plan?
If any such, I would but rouse their sense
Of love to others, yet give no offence.
If any such, I truly own the right
To give their judgment by the better light.
Friends, let us pause, turn backward to the time
When this plan opened by a thought sublime.
It is not mine to that one heart to trace
Love's germ unselfish, born of living grace.
I only know its first incipient dawn,
A few hearts warmed by love together drawn;
They sought the light that leads in mercy's line,
And felt the power given by a hand divine.
They saw and wished to aid life's burdened years,
They saw and wished to stay some widow's tears,
They silent suffering saw, and felt for woes
That shrinking gentle ones will ne'er disclose.
A little aid to bridge the dark day o'er,
A little means to help the slender store,

A little sympathetic
A kind and unobtrus
These needs they fel
To seek in union the
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We may not see the
We may not see disp
Nor see the grateful
Sweet messengers of
You need no heralds
The Omniscient eye
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A little sympathetic council in the hour of grief,
A kind and unobtrusive hand to minister relief.
These needs they felt, and they resolved at length
To seek in union the so needed strength.
We may not know how oft the tears were checked,
We may not see the oft-saved self-respect,
We may not see dispersed the gathering woes,
Nor see the grateful eye at life's last close.
Sweet messengers of joy, still keep your quiet way,
You need no heralds of your deeds to-day.
The Omniscient eye will every act approve,
And make a record in the courts above.

1882.



ANSWER

TO THE QUERY : "WILL THERE BE PREACHING?" WHEN A
YOUNG LADY WAS INVITED TO ATTEND FRIENDS' MEETING.

Thou mayst hear preaching, if thine inward ear
Lists to the Master's teaching low but clear,
Such preaching rare, that never yet hath sprung
From human thought, or voiced by human tongue.
When thought is hushed, and self and sense laid low,
Then the sweet ministry will inward flow,
Soothe the worn spirit, give despondence hope,
To burdened souls deliverance' door will ope,
To wounded hearts will balm of healing bring,
And swell the soul with gratitude to sing.

Aye, thou shalt dread the silence then to break,
Lest the sweet preacher sudden leave should take,
And thou no more thy thirsting soul couldst slake
In that rich stream that flows from Zion's hill,
Which will refresh each fainting heart that will
Come to its Source, seek for His aid and power
To guide and guard them to life's closing hour,
And give an entrance to that blessed shore,
Where peace abounds, and sorrow comes no more.
The soul redeemed with gratitude will sing
In the bright presence of the Eternal King.

1888.

TO P. C.

Friend
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11th mo. 1889.

TO P. C. P. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Friend P. C. P., I've thought of thee
At least a minute,
Thinking on it to write a sonnet
With some fun in it
To give thee pleasure.
But, ah ! my Muse is out of joint,
I cannot make one happy point,
Or decent measure.

But this in truth I well can say,
Be joy and comfort thine alway
Through life's long years ;
Faith's light and love above thee shine,
Because thou trusts the hand divine,
And hast no fears.

11th mo. 1889.

AT HOME.

A Christmas greeting to you all I give,
 Hallowed be ever that eventful morn,
 Great day of days to all who ever live,
 When unto earth Salem's great King was born,

Who came to man, blind error to disperse,
 Give to despondence hope and peace and life,
 To raise the fallen from primeval curse,
 And banish wars and internecine strife ;

To make the sword the ploughshare's place to fill,
 Aye, make the widow's heart to sing with joy,
 Turning the spear into a pruning bill,
 And warrior men in peaceful ways employ.

For though the Lion He of Judah's tribe,
 And Lord of all, a wandering life He led,
 Felt the rude sneers, and oft the taunting gibe,
 No home to call His own or shield His head.

But through the land, on deeds of mercy bent,
 Such was the mission of our Lord and King ;
 His store of blessings on the poor He spent :
 Then unto Him should all their homage bring,
 And swell the soul in gratitude to sing.

12th mo. 25th, 1889.

TO

My little friend
 Did we but
 Such a dear little
 Thy sweet, s
 Does our he
 We'd install thee

Thy features
 And eyes wi
 A sweet, pretty p
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 Full of child
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Ah, thy good
 And dear lov
 Would object to
 For no gem
 Does joy an
 And like thee hav

In the years
 Within thy l
 May dear Bessie
 May all thy
 Glow with b
 And thy rich trea

TO B. W.

My little friend Bess,
Did we but possess
Such a dear little treasure as thee,
Thy sweet, sunny smile
Does our hearts so beguile,
We'd install thee our home queen to be.

Thy features so bright,
And eyes with love's light,
A sweet, pretty picture do show,
Of such rich tinted charm,
Full of childhood's hopes warm,
Makes the heart's spring of joy to o'erflow.

Ah, thy good kind papa
And dear loved mamma
Would object to our having their treasure ;
For no gem from the mine
Does joy and riches combine,
And like thee have a value past measure.

In the years yet to come,
Within thy loved home,
May dear Bessie to womanhood grow ;
May all thy life's powers
Glow with bright happy hours,
And thy rich treasures of mind brightly show.

May our Father's rich grace
Have in thee chieftest place,
And keep thee till life here shall end,
Then convey thee safe o'er
To that beautiful shore,
Is the wish of thy grandpapa's friend.

1890.



WHO IS A

Lu

"Who is my neighbor?"

By one who early knew
And of its texts and precepts
So sought to know what

Then the great Master
Led him as traveller
Whereon before had passed
Who hastened onward

Unmindful of poor Jew,
That there in suffering
Their love and pity by
And with the wretched

Next came Samaritan who
Touched by the sufferer's sigh
Then by the sufferer's sorrow
Bound up his wounds

Set him on beast and bore
And for the host's kindness
And promised when that day
If more the host should show

Which of the three fulfilled
The Priest, the Levite,
That 'twas the last we met
That showed the Christ

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Luke x. 25-37.

"Who is my neighbor?" was the ancient query,
By one who early kept the Temple's law,
And of its texts and proverbs was quite weary,
So sought to know when he the Saviour saw.

Then the great Master clearly to his sight
Led him as traveller on Jerusalem's road,
Whereon before had passed a Priest and Levite,
Who hastened onward to their own abode,
Unmindful of poor Jew, whom thieves had wounded,
That there in suffering by the roadside lay;
Their love and pity by their sect were bounded,
And with the wretched neither there would stay.

Next came Samaritan with Christian feeling,
Touched by the sight his beast of burden stayed,
Then by the sufferer's side in pity kneeling,
Bound up his wounds, and other comforts made;
Set him on beast and brought him to the inn,
And for the host's kind care he payment made,
And promised when that way he came again
If more the host should spend he should be paid.

Which of the three fulfilled the Christian's law,
The Priest, the Levite, or Samaritan?
That 'twas the last we must conclusion draw,
That showed the Christian spirit to the man.

Through passing years oft will occasions come,
Where for kind acts the Christian's hearts feels way,
To bring relief into some wretched home,
Desponding spirits raise and sorrows stay.

Aye, thou mayst see where power's grasping hand
The weak do burden, or the poor despise ;
Thy love of right may bid thee then to stand,
And neighbor show 'gainst mean and sordid eyes.

Or thou mayst hear the busy tongue oft tell
Against another's peace of home or fame :
They all are neighbors, and thou doest well
Slander to check, not spread another's shame.

Or one may wrong thee in life's daily round,
Time often brings such where they need thy aid ;
Then let thy heart with neighbor's love abound,
And aiding then, heap fire upon his head.

Or thou mayst see the sad in labor's ways,
Who feel in daily joys they have no part ;
Then the kind word thou as the neighbor says
Lightens their toil and touches oft the heart.

The Sacred Volume telleth us so true,
No sparrow falleth to the ground unseen :
Our Father then will surely care for you,
As neighbors who His almoners have been.

Aye, let the law of love the heart control,
That love not bounded by our daily sight,

Not kin or country to embrace,
For all mankind the Christian's care.

For all are children in the Father's love,
Who blessed our lot that we should live,
Then let us show, though we should die,
Neighbors to be, though we should die.

O'er heathen lands the gospel's light
To their benighted minds
That they to Zion's founts
And they with us praise

O love supreme shown in the cross,
Who for a sinful world
Enemies forgiving with love,
And from the cross re-

Not kin or country to embrace the whole,
For all mankind the Christian love invite.

For all are children in the sight of Heaven,
Who blessed our lot that others we may bless :
Then let us show, though we have feebly striven,
Neighbors to be, though distant none the less.

O'er heathen lands the gospel banner spread,
To their benighted minds its message bring,
That they to Zion's fountain may be led,
And they with us praise heaven's Eternal King.

O love supreme shown in our Saviour's death,
Who for a sinful world His life laid down,
Enemies forgiving with His dying breath,
And from the cross resumed eternal crown.

1890.



SIASCONSETT.

O day of days, the floating flags attest,
Six score years our country's honored thee,
For at the call of freedom's high behest,
Thou mark'st the hour proclaimed a people free.

The stars and stripes are heralds of a day
That to a people life and honor gave,
Bringing a blessing that we trust will stay,
As float they high above a tyrant's grave.

Float on, O flag! in peace above us fly,
And mark this day in the long years to come;
May children's children with each other vie
To make our land of earth true freedom's home.

We'll drop the thought of freedom's day,
Give gathered friends a greeting,
And thank them for this bright array,
And friendship's joyous meeting.

The visitors at Ballston Spa,
At Nahant or Neponset,
Know not the pleasures of a day,
That's spent at Siasconsett.

The old-time place in days of yore
For fish tongues and rich chowder,
For sand baths taken on the shore,
Where none can feel more prouder,

Than those who
And dare the
And let the waves
Reclining as
So sweetly float
Upborne on
Laved by the
Lulled as by
Others may seek
Enjoyment as
So I shall hold
This day we

7th mo. 4th, 1890.

Than those who don the bathing dress,
And dare the rolling billow,
And let the waves their forms caress,
Reclining as on pillow.

So sweetly float in dreamy way,
Upborne on breast of ocean,
Laved by the cooling salt sea spray,
Lulled as by Lethe's potion.

Others may seek what pleases well,
Enjoyment as they want it,
So I shall hold by memory's spell
This day we spent at 'Sconsett.

7th mo. 4th, 1890.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

Great day of days, the Christian world doth own
Thee, that its children hail with outward joy,
Glad as the shepherds when to them was shown
The star that heralded the Saviour boy.

We may not need to use some outward form,
Some incantation or some solemn rite,
If but our Saviour's love our hearts so warm
That life shall be by faith, aye, more than sight.

Let us, as children of the Christian throng,
Lift up our hearts with joy as full as then,
In sweet accord join in that glorious song,
Of Peace on Earth, Love and Good Will to Men.

1890.

T
Dear Eddie, how
Since thou did
And we wished
To guide and

Ah, how the time
Since I thy face
And though with
Yet thy frail

Me, when the
Saw many hearts
Along life's path
Which boyhood

For one like thee
And fair as
Would oft escape
And stay thy

Our blessings
I call thee
All hail thee
And give thee

Faith in our Saviour
Shall keep thee
That faith that
And leads thee

2nd month, 1891.

TO E. M. B.

Dear Eddie, how the years have sped
Since thou didst come upon life's stage,
And we wished blessings on thy head,
To guide and guard through time to age.

Ah, how the time seems long ago,
Since I thy fair babe features saw,
And though with joy did overflow,
Yet thy frail life did truly awe

Me, when the thought of coming years
Saw many hidden dangers lie
Along life's changing vale of tears
Which boyhood keenly oft do try.

For one like thee, whose kindly heart
And fair and earnest sense of right
Would oft espouse the lone one's part,
And stay the oppressive hand of might.

Our blessings on thee, Ed, dear boy,
I *call* thee boy, 'tis manhood's hour ;
All hail thee as a household joy,
And give their love as this day's dower.

Faith in our Saviour's love and light
Shall keep thee in life's checkered way,
That faith that's keener far than sight,
And leads to life's eternal day.

2nd month, 1891.

TO MARY.

Dear daughter, how the years have flown
Since I thy loving accents heard,
Which made me truly, gladly own
A blessing on us then conferred.

Thy kindly tone and heart-warmed smile
Betokened joy and peace there dwelt ;
All gladly own they do beguile
Those who've their gentle influence felt.

Thy love makes glad the home of him,
Our once one jewel rich and rare,
And time does not that warm love dim,
Its daily blessings still we share.

Your dear home life so peaceful runs,
Not troubled by one jealous jar,
Illumined by your dear bright sons,
And daughter fair as evening star.

All are our jewels, and we feel
Richer than Croesus with his gold ;
With love to us so true and leal,
Cannot be bought and ne'er is sold.

May our dear Father's loving eye
To guide and guard be ever given,
Is the warm prayer and heartfelt cry
Of Grandpa B., just seventy-seven.

3rd month, 12th, 1891.

To a Sprig of

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To a Sprig of Scotch Heather found on
Nantucket, 1890.

Fair, bright-hued lovely stranger,
Far from thy northern home,
Whose hand made thee a ranger,
To our Island Home to come?

From land of Scott and Burns and Penn,
From the far north of England's isle,
From rocky dell or moorland glen,
Thou hast a home with us awhile.

In all our widespread western land,
From northern point to rude Cape Horn,
No spot does sprig of thee command,
Save that upon our island born,
On one small spot upon our isle
Thou'rt only found alone to smile.

To Scotia's chieftain oft the pride,
A symbol for his gathered clan,
Adorned his cap in many a ride,
In dash on foe a talisman.

Thou hast a name to Scotia dear,
In noble hall and lowliest cot;
Thou dost the Highland hunters cheer,
And in their homes hast hallowed spot.

No more with thee and slogan cry
Shall Scotland's sons awake to arms.
With other flowers thou well mayst vie,
Maidens to deck with all thy charms.

Aye, strange it seems to find thee here,
So far from native Scotia's shore.
Thou canst her exiled children cheer,
Reminding of old home once more.

1890.





